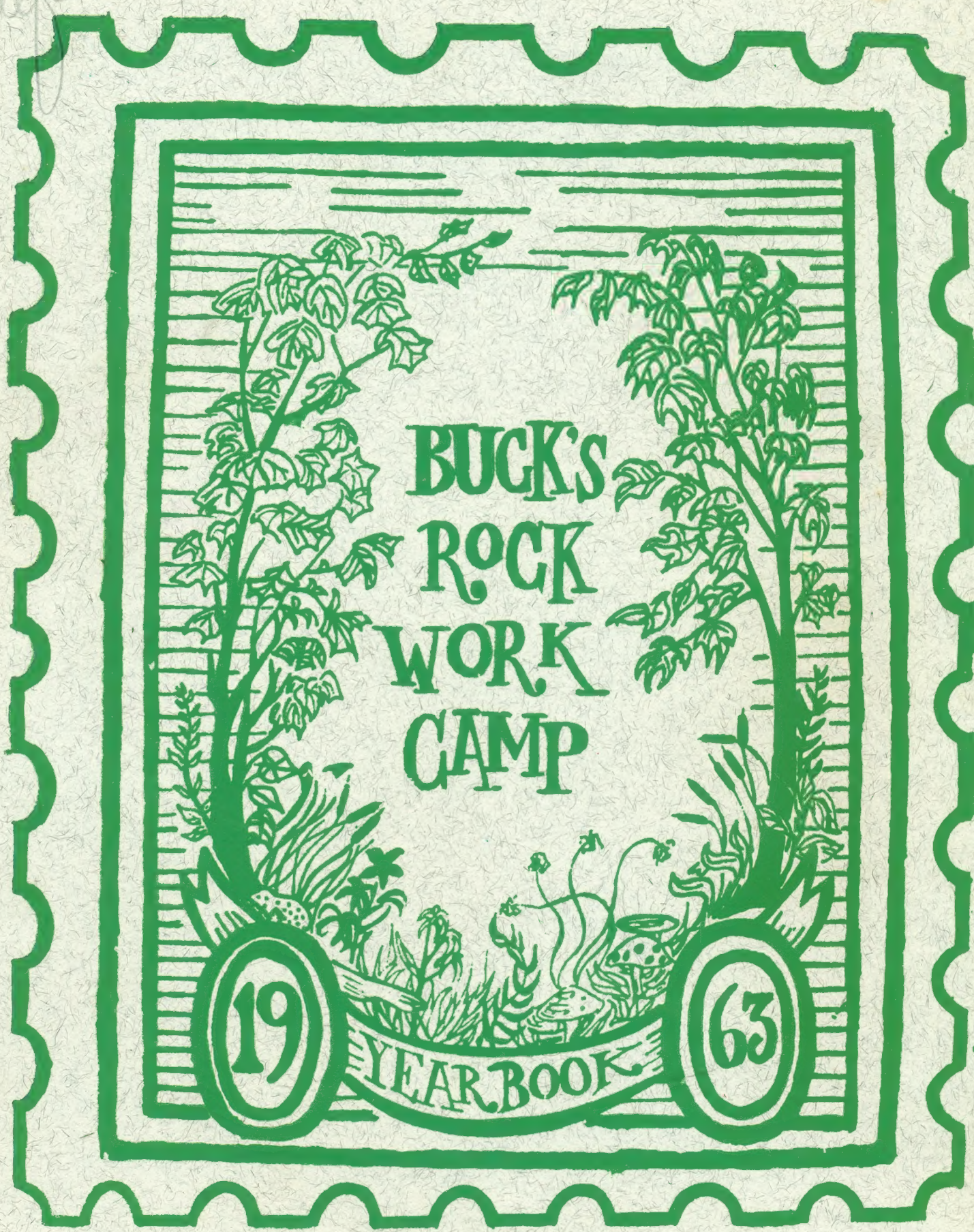


*defective*



BUCK'S  
ROCK  
WORK  
CAMP

19

YEAR BOOK

63





We lay aside letters never to read them again,  
and at last we destroy them out of discretion,  
and so disappears the most beautiful, the most  
immediate breath of life, irrecoverably for  
ourselves and for others.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



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of the BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONN.  
It is published by the Print and Publications Shop.



# *A message from Ernst*

Our summer at Buck's Rock has come to its end.

"The sunlight on the garden  
Hardens and grows cold  
We cannot cage the minute  
Within its nets of gold..."

I know that some people think one should take stock every day; I also know that one doesn't. As you come to an end, though, you arrive at a new beginning. At such a time, you may be tempted to take stock, to look back at this summer, to look forward to the winter and beyond to years to come.

As you do, each one of you will reach his own conclusions. They will be different from anybody else's, they will be your own, and they can only be expressed by you. However, there may be some thoughts and feelings that many of you will have in common.

For one, most of you will be proud of our group achievements as well as your personal achievements, the more so because what you have accomplished, you have done because you wanted to, rather than because we told you to. Your own inner voice directed you; you have learned to listen to it and some of you became aware of its existence for the first time.

As you discover your abilities, you will learn not to think too much of yourself nor too little of yourself. Of course, you won't always succeed but, as you have seen this summer, you can always try again. Even failure, though understandable and often predictable, is not necessarily inevitable. There is always the possibility of changing what seems inevitable. The part human strength plays can be decisive in the face of all predictions and probabilities.

Many of your achievements this summer were arrived at not through competition with others but by working together. You may have become conscious of the fact that the friendlier your feelings towards others, the easier it is for you to take the friendliness of those around you for granted.

You know that it is important to be part of a group; on the other hand, you are beginning to discover that it is equally important to learn how to be alone. The deepest decisions are personal, individual, your very own; they are arrived at independent of the decisions others may make. But in working and living together, as you did this summer and as you will in the future, you will







Dear Readers,

Seven weeks ago many strangers looked out from the camp trucks. Each came with a different background of interests and expectations. Here we were, together, for a whole summer. Adjustments had to be made so that we could live successfully as a family in a free and challenging situation. Gradually, the faces and shops became familiar and friendships were formed.

The stage was set. The people were here and so were the facilities, but it was up to each one of us to make the most of the opportunities. We did --- at the stage, in the Print shop, on the farm, or perched high in a tree with a book. We learned about specific crafts and we learned about people.

Now we can only look back. Our many experiences are over, but not forgotten. This yearbook may help recall those experiences as well as the various thoughts and emotions that were an intrinsic part of them. The letter form serves to bring them together in a personal way.

When writing a letter, the individual is honest about his feelings. Our aim, in assembling these letters, was to capture an accurate impression of Buck's Rock - 1963. The pages also serve as a resting place for final goodbyes and autographs -- a recorded history of one short, yet meaningful summer.

Love,  
Jessica and Bottie







# *We write to those we know*

Dear Ellen	..	Jessica Myers
Dear Rich	..	Howard Schoenfeld
Dear Larry	..	Fred Brandfon
Dear June	..	Richard Sulken
Dear Harvey	..	John Yohalem
Dear Mitch	..	Richard Marshall
Dear Gloria	..	Linda Levy
Dear Debby	..	Elissa Robbins
Dear Marion	..	Ellen Eisenstadt
Dear Ada	..	Riva Kaminsky
Dear Carol	..	Barbara Kaiser
Dear Joanie	..	Ellen Ogintz
Dear Ken	..	Wendy Suss
Dear Marilyn	..	Rena Rosenwasser
Dear Paul	..	Ricky Winston
Dear Joan	..	Bobbie Handler
Dear Dev	..	Richard Fried





shela



Dear Ellen,

I haven't typed in so long. Isn't this type neat? I'm using a Print Shop typewriter. Today is Sunday. We should be in Tanglewood but this morning it was raining buckets. The roof in my cabin leaked and what a mess--- three wastebaskets full of water plus one wet bed and a flooded floor.

I am presently feeling very depressed. I was working in art and nothing was going right. I finished my oil painting and am trying to make a drawing from which I can make an etching.

Just think---we'll never have to take another typing course or walk through the halls of Kensington or look at the horrid people, or listen to those power-mad gym teachers. I would never go back to Kensington if you paid me. Now it is past history, thank God.

Today is July 21  
almost the end of July  
then August  
then school

summer will be gone---gone never to return  
it must be a good summer  
it must be  
I will make it one

This camp is twenty years old. Isn't that weird? I can't imagine people here in 1943. That was during the war---how very very odd.

I am writing a bunch of nothing---for shame

what

what, what can I do

I  
am

getting no where  
no where  
no where

I wish I could cry

but that would be but momentary relief

We were discussing different types of anger in creative writing class. (note the squeezed letter---good old Mrs. Anderson) We were talking about how to relieve anger but







Dear Rich,

I tried out for one of the three Thornton Wilder plays we're presenting next Saturday. That same night I came back to my bunk early and lay awake thinking: "Will this be the first time for me to have a real chance to act at Buck's Rock? Dean had the part in school and will probably get it here also. But then again, it is just about time for me to get a part."

I tossed and turned and finally fell asleep. The next morning, I awoke early and again wondered about the list which would be posted on the social hall porch. Rich, I was so nervous that my bed was shaking. I got up and started to dress; the noise I was making woke the bunk, and I finished dressing to shouts of, "What are you doing?" "Get back in bed!" "Are you nuts?" I explained what I was doing and, after the shouts had died down, just sat and waited.

Finally, the gong sounded. I tore out of my bunk, bumped into Bernie Unger and the "Holy Vasser," and ran to the porch. I stared at the bulletin board...no list...

After breakfast, our team had to leave camp for a baseball game at Camp Kewa. When we returned, there was still no list. I went to the bunk quite depressed and sat on my bed. Suddenly, Eric, another kid interested in the theater, rushed in. "Well, Howie, you finally hit pay dirt. The list is up and you have the part."

I didn't know whether he was kidding or not, but I made an olympic leap off the bed and galloped to the porch. I scanned the list and spotted my name. After a jubilant yell and numerous congratulations I returned to my bunk. The realization that I had the part stands, so far, as the most memorable moment of my summer.

Your best friend,

*Howie*



Dear Larry,

I'm sitting on a bench in the middle of main campus, in the center of the lawn. The bench wobbles. I usually pace up and down it, balancing myself until I get ideas -- it's kind of Kinetic Creativity. I've been doing a bit of writing for the magazine here at camp and this is where and how I usually do it.

From here I can see the mountains beyond the camp. The horizon bends to the contours of the mountains and then plunges out of sight. I can see the road going through main campus clearly from my spot. Most of the day people parade up and down and seem to know exactly where they're going. Now it's after lunch and the heat's more oppressive. People pass by, putting one foot in front of the other with the care of a sleepwalker. Through the trees I can see a corner of the social hall porch. Three steps lead up to the porch. The people moving up and down step with an unconscious precision.

And here I sit on my bench and watch them...

Goodbye,

Fred



Dear June,

Do you remember that in my last letter I mentioned that the main reason I liked Buck's Rock was because of the kind of people it attracted? I said then that they were aware, intelligent, and, for the most part, friendly people. Well, here's an example of what I mean:

I saw a girl, a friend of mine, sitting on the hillside near our social hall and reading a book on a beautiful sunny day. I sat down beside her and asked her about Anna Karenina, the book she was reading. Then I lay back in the luscious thick grass. Ten minutes passed and a Junior counselor joined us. We started talking about books and how difficult it was to find sufficient time to read here. Then we talked about the usefulness of keeping a vocabulary list of new words we found in reading books. From there, our conversation turned to future plans. "Wouldn't it be really great if I could go to Europe for a year and study, say, in Florence?" ---this from the Junior counselor.

Just then the gong rang, sending us off to our respective shops; not without some regret, I walked away.

Yours truly,

*Rich Salkin*



Dear Harvey,

I can't take this kind of freedom; it is a prison to me. At Camp Killooleet I had to try all the activities. I disliked some things, but cultivated new interests and kept my old ones. Here you concentrate on a few things and, eventually, tire of them.

I talked to Ernst about this feeling I've had. He says that, in a way, my being confined by freedom can be compared to the need for a definite authority by the German people during the Weimar Republic. They couldn't take the amount of freedom in their constitution and had to have someone like Hitler.

Another trouble is my embarrassment at trying anything new and I'm finding this impossible to overcome. I agree with Ernst that if I can only conquer this problem I'll accomplish a lot this summer.

Do you have this problem?

Your friend,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be "John" followed by a large, stylized letter "J" in parentheses.



Dear Mitch,

I'm working this summer---well, let's say half working. (You see, I am capable of things laborious.) But to get down to particulars: my official status is that of counselor in training (CIT). My traineeship is in the Ceramics Shop, which people fondly refer to as the mud shop. The nickname is appropriate. After all, there's clay and water all over the place so (ich) you've got mud.

The head of everything (mud and CIT's) is Harry Allan. Harry's presence makes the Ceramics Shop flypaper for long lost Buck's Rockers... "Well, hello, how are you?"...He remembers them all, and makes them wish they had never left camp. Another thing about Harry is his little gems of psychology. Many times, a camper will make something nondescript on the potter's wheel..."I'll give you two hours for it," says Harry. As obvious as the trick is, campers fall for it. Suddenly, the pot becomes a Ming vase and the camper no longer has misgivings about the craft.

Jaimee Pugliese is the other counselor in the shop. She's pleasantly misleading. For instance, at the start of the season a person will come to the shop and ask if Jaimee's a camper and Jaimee'll say, "Oh no, I'm 22." Then she'll say, "Gee, I don't know anything about ceramics," and start making astronomical glazes and monster pots. Something of the young camper in her comes out when, after wearing half her fingernail away on some grog in a pot she's making, she says, "Isn't that wild?"

Aunt Melissa (that's Melissa Marcin) is our junior counselor. Her masterful ways over us lowly CIT's are efficient and she deserves the endearing name. And now that I've reached the CIT's, you have some idea of what the mud shop hierarchy is like.

One more thing about my place of servitude (Isn't it hard to believe that I actually work?) -I get dirty. So I'll leave you with another fond

Richard



that I try (usually in vain) to stir up interest in at home. Well, it just wasn't so. And I was extremely disappointed. Some say that Buck's Rock lacked its customary intellectual fervor this year. It's true that many campers have been apathetic. My mistake at the beginning was in not realizing that although intellectual talk doesn't appeal to every camper, it does appeal to many. I guess that's the thing I've learned best here--that no matter where you go, you always have to look for people who have the same outlook and attitudes as you; also, that there's much you can learn from those who don't share your convictions.

If you decide to come here next year, I certainly hope it works out for you. Perhaps, if your expectations aren't sky high, you will appreciate even more all that Buck's Rock has to offer.

Love and affection from you,

*Linda*



Dear Debby,

Well, today I got the Buck's Rock blues. I guess that you, as an alumna of the camp, know what it's like. I can't exactly figure out why I'm depressed, but I just know that I am. It seems strange that while there is so much to do, so many people are wandering around looking gloomy and glum.

Now that I've started to think about this letter, I could probably tell you why I'm in such a bad mood. This afternoon I had a discussion with a few kids about God and being Jewish. Their attitudes were quite different from mine. One started out with, "Why do you wear that star of David? You don't really believe in it." That sort of caught me off guard, but I managed to come back with, "Yes, as it happens, I do."

As we continued to talk, one of my allies turned against me. She came up with the idea that I'm not as good a Jew or person as she because I don't go to temple, eat Kosher food, and light the candles. That hardly bothered me. What did puzzle me was that when I tried to explain why I believed in God and felt that I was a good Jew even though I didn't observe all the customs, I had no solid ground to fall back on. I really didn't manage to convince any of the agnostical and atheistic debaters; they simply wondered at my unreasoning faith.

Most of them said that Judaism was superstition and fear. Somehow I think it's more of a culture and a heritage. I didn't manage to get that across either, and I left the group feeling frustrated and unsure of exactly what I do believe in.

It was hard to explain my belief and my pride in being Jewish to people who have no respect for religion. Whether or not you understand what I have been trying to tell you isn't really important. It's so easy to get lost in my own thoughts. I think writing them down may have helped me.

I can't wait to see you. Are you coming up for Festival? Write back. I need someone to re-affirm my faith!

Love,  
Elissa





Dear Marion,

The dance studio is dark now. The only movements are the shadows of the night, playing against the walls and on the smooth, polished floor. From a corner, concealed in darkness, come the sounds of the Fifth Brandenburg--thrilling, alive, pulsating.

Music is everywhere here at Buck's Rock. Music is the click of typewriter keys in the Print Shop, the muffled sounds of a hoe being pulled through the rich, dark, moist earth. Music is the whirr of the bandsaw spinning in the Wood Shop, the icy rushing of the waterfall, the syncopation of the Construction Crew's hammers as they strike.

At Buck's Rock, music is where you find it...  
when you find it...and what you make of it.

*Allen*



Dear Ada,

Now that you have a camera and are in the same setting as I, we can share the same experiences, or at least try to. Although we can see the same Print Shop, oak tree, or waterfall, you may like the pattern the sun creates on the left side but I may like the beauty of it which I can only see on the right side. We start to achieve the same end but we will do it in different ways.

I've figured out a perfect way to get acquainted with the camp. First you walk up to the farm with a trigger (shutter) happy finger and plenty of film. There you get to know the goats, the sheep, the cow suckling a calf, and some pigs. You walk back toward the main camp and find that you notice everything and become intimately acquainted with everything surrounding you: the sweating bodies of the construction crew, the infants playing with their toes, a proud figure perched atop a trotting horse, the movement of someone serving a tennis ball, the patterns of trees on either side of the road, or a modern dance class (its leotarded figures as much a model for a camera as for a pad and charcoal).

People and nature all around...so amazing, so wonderful... the interpretations that occur in drawing sometimes do them an injustice. The perfection of a photograph lies in capturing true intricacies, detail and design. A photograph captures the phenomenon of man in the birth of a child, the phenomenon of nature every time a flower blossoms or a tree is planted.

Love,

Riva





Dear Carol,

I'm having a good summer. I spend most of my time at the stables. My favorite horse is Lucia, a chestnut saddlebred. She's beautiful; I feel so proud when I ride her. Last week a nearby field was mowed down and made into a hunt field. A few days ago I jumped hurdles that were from two to three feet high.

The riding instructor, Red, always kids around. At first I resented this. I really wanted to improve my riding and I didn't see how joking and riding could fit together. Then I realized that his jokes gave me confidence in myself and lessened my fear of horses. For example, chasing after people on horseback in the fields frightened me at first; but now it's an added enjoyment. I'm much more relaxed about riding.

Every Wednesday night is jumping night. We ride bareback at the start of the lesson. Riding bareback is much easier and smoother than riding with a saddle. I still get frightened sometimes. I think I might fall off. I was discouraged, and thought I'd never improve, but as time goes on I can feel my back straightening and my legs remaining in the correct position.

Next week is the horse show. Some people enter a horse show to prove themselves to others. For me a horse show is a time to prove myself to myself. I won't be disappointed if I don't come out with a ribbon; I want to feel I've done my best. The show will be a good experience because I'll have to learn to be at ease while performing for strangers. It will be a good chance to see if I've improved.

Love,

*Barbara*

Dear Joanie,

Words, words, words! I use them all the time, yet I usually write blindly, not realizing how much I actually put into what I write. Every once in a while, as I do now, I get an inkling of the loaded content, for I feel so much freer when I have moved strong emotions from mind to paper. It is good to know that when the ideas that fill my mind burst their confines they can be captured and held on paper. It is also good to know that, if I shade and shape my words, I can make them understandable to others and convey what thoughts and ideas I wish to convey.

I read some poems yesterday by Linda Levy, a CIT up here, that were very meaningful. Each one touched a different subject---each one made me see and feel. In one, I saw the brilliant contrast between a snowy, quiet, peaceful world and a fiery sunset---the life the light brings to dullness, the short time it lasts:

A silent world  
Too peaceful  
Too hushed.

But fire commanded the horizon---  
a fire of life, of action, of promise.

In another I felt the joy of freedom and youth, the way one wants to run and jump with bursting happiness. To capture a sight, to create a mood, to convey ideas, to probe into various aspects of life---Joanie, that is writing!

Here at Buck's Rock there are no definite assignments, no time schedule, no pressure. With such freedom, I have learned to want to create. I forget the drudgery of classroom work and am left only with the enjoyment of creating with words. Even Mr. Taussig, my best English teacher, did not have the time or place to go over my work as Lou does. I need him to point out my personal faults, frequent vagueness or lack of description. And when these faults are corrected, I feel satisfied with my work. Then I feel that I have shaped words instead of letting words shape me.

Love,

*Ellen*





Dear Ken,

It was great seeing you on Saturday, but I must admit that something you said during the day upset me. You told me that you didn't see what campers could do or were doing at Buck's Rock. Instead of answering you at that time, I decided to wait and try to explain how I felt in a letter. I suppose Buck's Rock is an entirely different place to a visitor coming here for a few hours on a Saturday than it is to a camper living here.

Take the girl who's passing by right now, carrying a poster that advertises the Lampoon. If a visitor were to see her, he would be unable to make a connection between the poster and the work behind it.

The lampoon is a magazine that satirizes Buck's Rock. The material is written in groups, for the most part, although some individual writing is done. Meetings are held every day so that all writers know what progress has been made, so they can improve and co-ordinate each other's work. At the same time, photographers and artists work on the visual parts of the magazine. Next, typists and mimeographers go to work to publish what has been created, and, finally, a group of people get together to form an idea for publicity. Posters are made and now this girl, passing me, is going to staple one on the social hall porch.

Though I have described what is probably a typical project, I haven't really explained what the philosophy of the camp is and how it operates. There are all kinds of opportunities available and though a camper is never forced, he is encouraged to take advantage of them. You participate because you realize that you may never again be exposed to such outstanding facilities and to such helpful counselors. But the true beauty of Buck's Rock is that the individual at all times makes his own decisions and choices. I hope you understand what I've tried to say and that I have changed your impression of Buck's Rock.

Love,

Kendy



Dear Marilyn,

It is very hard to get into the swing of things here at Buck's Rock, but once you do, you never want to leave it. I'm beginning to find myself, and to feel self satisfaction, something I have not felt in an awfully long while. Kids here are so different from the stereotype of the American teenager. There are those who create and those who choose to watch and learn from others who create. Some like to dabble in everything; others don't want to dabble but would rather perfect.

Our camp director, Ernst, believes that human beings are basically creative, and that their creativity should be given the chance to flourish. Unfortunately, the pressures and responsibilities of modern living prevent many people from committing themselves to a creative life. The creative teenager is usually classified as eccentric, beat, or anti-social.

At Buck's Rock, the creative life is more the norm, but it is not without its problems. When I first arrived, painting and tennis were my major interests, and I tried to "put my soul" into all I was doing in these areas. What resulted was phony art and faulty tennis. I soon understood that the word creativity, in itself, is meaningless; creativity requires direction.

I found the direction during a tennis lesson. Marty, our tennis instructor, said that I had to discipline my playing if I wanted to get any kind of results. (Those weren't his exact words, but that's how I heard them.) It was then that I understood that only through discipline could I achieve anything and that only through guidance could I achieve discipline. Buck's Rock has taught me much; it has given me the guidance I sought.

I don't really know how to get all of this into words but, Marilyn, I'm trying. At a creative camp, what more can one do?

Au Revoir,

*Bna*

Dear Paul,

So you thought I'd be inactive this summer, eh? How wrong you were. The Print Shop is keeping me plenty busy, and I have been participating in music in my spare time. I not only have justifying, typing, stenciling, and proofing, but chamber music, chorus accompaniment, piano ensemble, and my own practicing.

To add to my musical activity, a chamber music concert was held last Friday night, and, four days earlier, I was informed that I was to play a piano solo. I chose the piece most familiar to me, Beethoven's "Tempest Sonata," and then spent the rest of the week in hurried polishing after a month's lay-off.

This lack of honest preparation left me no time to be as nervous as I usually am before recitals. However, while waiting to go on, my calmness left rapidly. As I visualized the keys in my mind and tried also to visualize my fingers running through the composition, I was shocked to realize that I could not play the second passage.

Again and again I set the keys and fingers in my mind, but could not manage the passage. This has happened at previous recitals, and each time the real feel of the keys almost magically brought the piece back to my mind. Finally, when the last strains of the orchestra died, I took my place at the piano, prepared or no.

To make a long story short, the whole performance was a disappointment. Sure enough, I didn't get through the second passage right, and throughout the whole piece I made mistakes with alarming frequency. Fortunately, the mistakes didn't throw me off enough to ruin the whole thing. At long last, I finished the ordeal with a great sigh of relief. I knew that I had not played nearly as well as I could have, but I also knew that a large number of listeners couldn't even tell. I was dissatisfied, though, because my attitude is not, "Laymen--what do they know?" I was concerned with how the performance would sound to one interested in music, and more importantly, how it would sound to myself.



My dissatisfaction didn't last long. One number later, I performed a Mozart duet that went over well and towards the end of the program I played in a Vivaldi Chamber Group, which more than made up for my disappointment. However, I still am irked when I think of the Beethoven solo and what "might have been"--the saddest words of tongue or pen, n'est-ce pas?

I must go now--I'm practicing a Beethoven duet for next week's recital.

Yours with love and squalor,

*Ricky*









Dear Joan,

Comment ça va? You don't sound too happy this summer.  
I'll try to cheer you up.

Usually every area of camp is filled with the sound of music, giggling, hammers, babies. And the farm usually is full of kids, counselors and, of course, the animals. But last night the farm was a quiet place though full of people and animals. Word got around that the calf was being born and we all stormed up to the farm. When we got there we quieted down. It was very still and we waited very hard for the calf's birth.

When the calf was finally born there were signs of relief, hands released, fingers uncrossed. It was like the seconds after finals. Remember? We'd all wait a minute and then the tension would go away. Not loudly but it would leave.

We watched the calf move, take its first steps. It was a good night.

Does this cheer you any? Write if you can.

Love,  
Bobbie





LEAR: Peace, Kent!  
Come not between the Dragon and his wrath.  
I loved her most and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight!  
So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!





EDGAR: But who comes here?  
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

GLOUCESTER: As flies to wanton boys,  
are we to th' gods,  
They kill us for their sport.





Dear Dev,

This letter may sound kind of strange and unconnected, but I've just finished a long and very interesting conversation with a very good friend of mine.

I've often wondered what makes for a really great friend or person: is it intelligence, common interests, literary, artistic, or creative interests or knowledge, the people he or she chooses to be friends with, or is it something inert, inborn---something that doesn't necessarily require intellectuality, very high intelligence, or many of the other qualities which we usually look for in choosing and seeking friends? I think I have been given some very strong evidence to support the latter idea.

I have a very close friend at camp: a tall, redheaded kid named Greg. True, he is quite intelligent, but he's no genius; true, he likes a lot of classical music and enjoys good books, but he's no music or literary connoisseur (far from it); true, the friends he does have are all very nice and pleasant, but they're nothing great, and he usually keeps to himself; true he has some artistic talent, but he's no creative genius; what he does possess are some amazing qualities and gifts that make him a beautiful person.

Some of these are his forthrightness, his common sense, and his levelheadedness. Whenever he does something, there's always a reason that is real and true to himself: never just for impression or show; whenever there's a problem, he keeps his head while everyone else starts running, and after a little while he comes out with a solution which is reasonable, practical, and acceptable. Even though he never read a word about psychology and never pretends that he did, he has often analyzed my problems and those of his friends in the same calm fashion, and has come to conclusions about the nature of the problem and its cure which a trained psychologist wouldn't be able to think of. All of this is due to an inborn trait---one of understanding the emotions and thoughts of others.

Related to this, but perhaps even more important, is his ability to cheer people up. Most of this after-

noon he was telling me how he used his own brand of psychology on his father, to cheer him up when he came visiting and was in a terribly grumpy mood. His methods were really beautiful and disclosed a very important idea about people to me.

This, perhaps, might be called my main argument against certain people in this camp who, through narrow-mindedness, snobbishness, and a false idea of elite-ness, would reject and frown upon Greg, because to the outside eye he doesn't seem "arty," intellectual, or high-class, and thus is not worthy of their attention or friendship. What I dislike is not that they aren't friends with him, but that they would never give themselves a chance to see what he really is like, because they would form false impressions about his "value."

And for all of their creativity, intelligence, and intellectuality, they don't approach him as a person--- that is, a human being who is capable of understanding other human beings and of helping them.

If nothing else, this summer I have achieved an independence from cliques, especially those composed of people who form cliques because they need others like themselves to reassure them that they are the "elite," and that they are truly great. This independence is largely due to people I've met who accept me and others for what they really are---outside and inside. For this, I am largely indebted to people like Lydia, like Sylvia, like Mark, like Julie, like Barry, and like you.

Perhaps this isn't so bad for one summer.

Love,

*Richard*



# *An Open Letter*

A photograph laughs, cries, and smiles.  
It shows the world for what it is, and  
hides nothing. It may recall a friend,  
or a place, or a special day. It will  
someday become the memory of a moment.

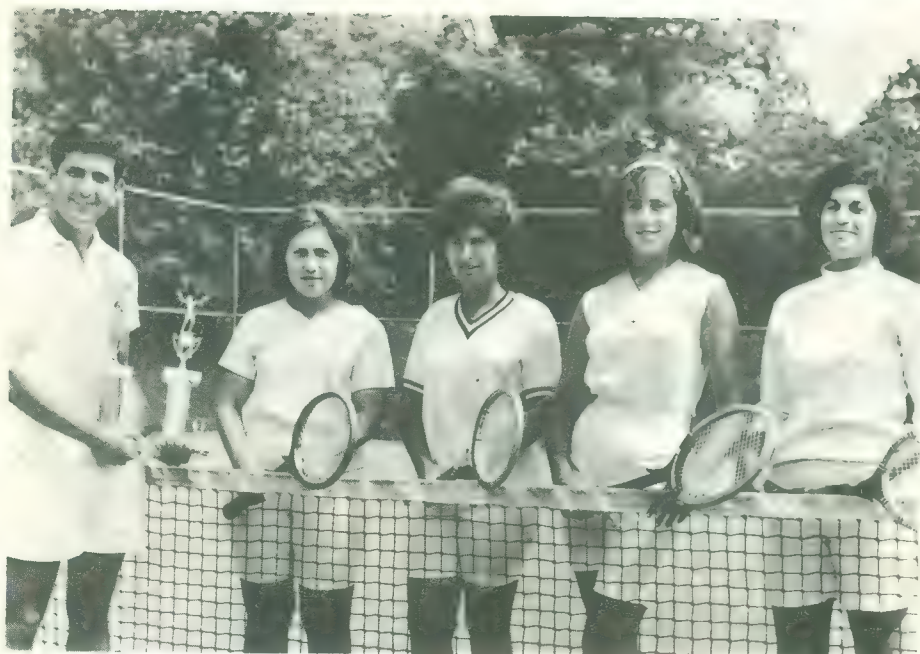
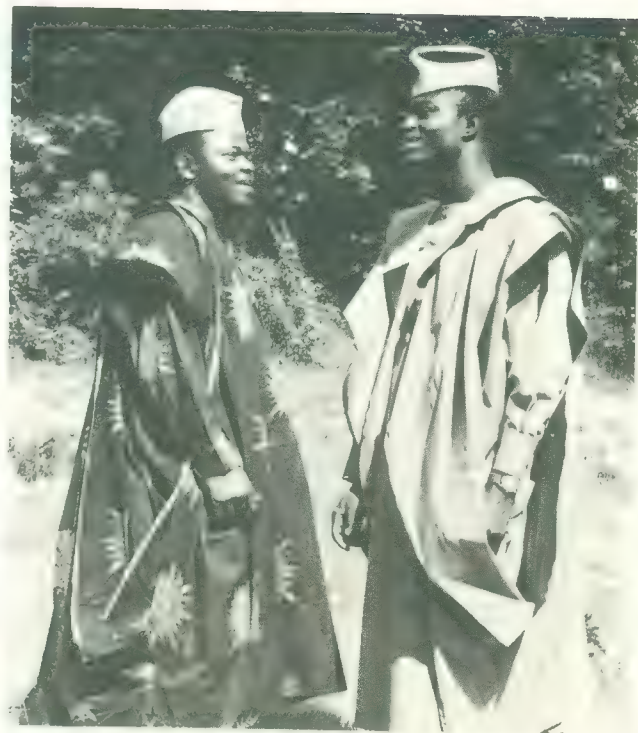
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PHOTOS--2	Andy Gollup    Dan Shaw Larry Lifschultz Warren Churg    Bob Solomon	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS--3	Peter Kent    Dave Bearg Holly Tannen    Holly Tannen	(top) (bottom)
JEWELRY	Margaret Rosenblum    Liz Burrows Bob Rothberg Arlene Paley    Margaret Rosenblum Margaret Rosenblum    Margaret Rosenblum	(top)  (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS--4	Dan Shaw    Dan Shaw Dan Shaw    Shop Photo Dan Shaw    Nina Silk	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS--5	Warren Churg    Warren Churg Bob Solomon    Peter Kent Peter Kent    Jeff Cahn	(top) (center) (bottom)
PHOTOS--6	Dan Quat    Lynda Steinberg Shop Photo    Bill Rubenstein	(top) (bottom)
SCULPTURE and CERAMICS	Seth Ingram    Rebecca Gothelf Beryl Schulman    Ken Goldstrom Lloyd Newman    Julia Diamant	(top)  (bottom)

All photography under the supervision of the Photo Shop





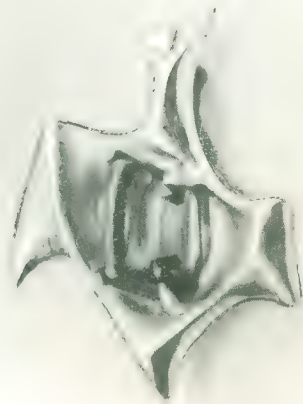


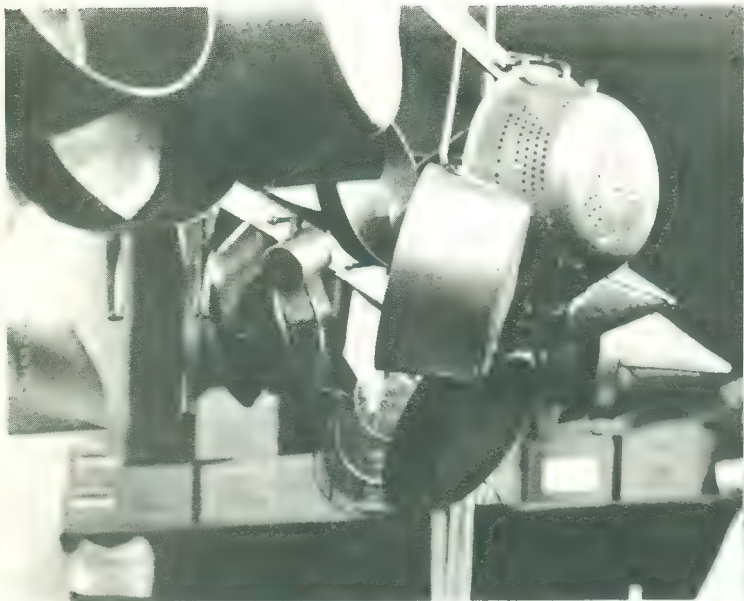




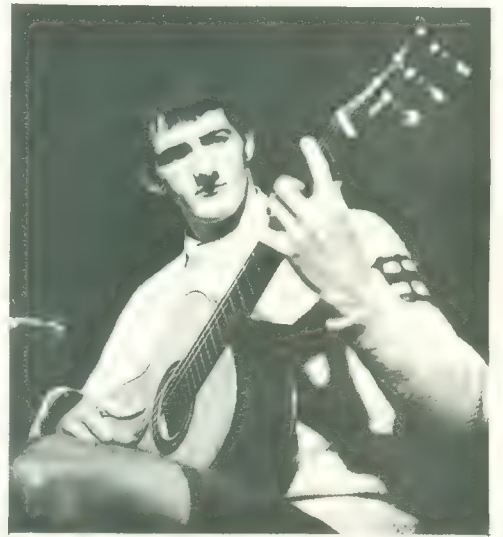








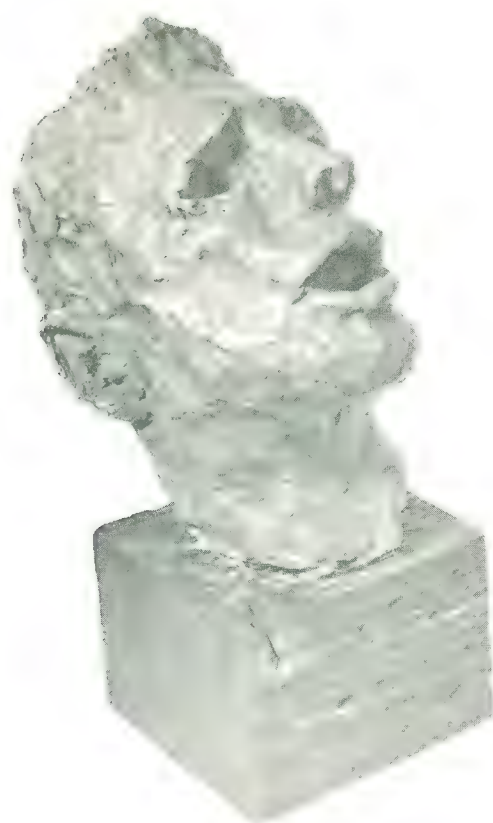
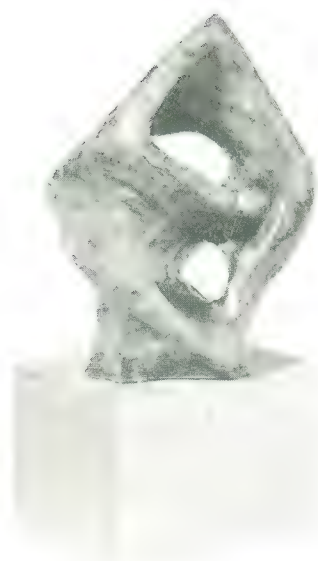












# *We write to those we love and those we wish to know*

Dear Ilana	.. Lydia Churgin
Dear Mom	.. A daughter
Dear Jerry	.. Alan Barysh
Dear Father	.. Alexander Seldin
Dear Mother	.. Bobbie Handler
Dear Mother and Father	.. Mike Seidman
Dear Debbie	.. Rebecca White
To Franz Josef, etc.	.. John Yohalem
Dear Mr. Wilder	.. Julia Diamant
Dear Winnie-the-Pooh	.. Sally Stein
Dear Proust	.. Barry Fruchter
Dear Sammy	.. Douglas Gladstone and Mark Chenven
To All Children	.. Sally Stein





Dear Ilana,

It has been a long time since I sat down, took up a piece of paper and a pen, and wrote a letter. A stream of music continually floods my mind. The sounds make my limbs move in unison. The music makes me stand and dance.

Through movement one can find himself. Dancing--straining and contracting my body, using each muscle completely until it becomes flexible, relaxing when all the tension is released--makes me feel as though I have involved my whole self. Leaps and jumps are not just exercises. They are actions that demand one's complete attention.

Dancing can also be a form of expression. Last year I tried to choreograph the life cycle (birth, man's needs, and death) through my dance, "Night Journey." This year I attempted to create a dance on a similar theme. Since I have my own particular style of dancing, the movements were too similar and the new dance became a mere repetition of the old. Only this time it wasn't as flowing or as strong. It was lyrical though and it contained a certain dreamy quality that I had always wanted to capture. Now I am listening to music. I do not know whether I will make up another dance. Perhaps I will. But even if I do not, I will continue attending classes.

eleven hugs and kisses

Love,

Lydia



Dear Mom,

I was quite upset after you left on Saturday. When I discussed the MARCH ON WASHINGTON, I felt sure that you would agree to let me go. Instead you cut up all my arguments and produced many others as to why I should not go.

I had expected you to raise the standard objections. Although you had some other good reasons, you didn't seem to consider that there might be any truth in my opinions. You said that the money could be used to help Negroes: to improve educational opportunities and to support Freedom Riders. You argued that the time could be spent to organize a campaign to raise money for the tuition of Negroes at the University of Georgia.

At the time, I wasn't well informed and couldn't argue, so I had only one choice---to agree with you. I now feel more qualified to take up the argument. One of your protests was that many of the participants in the march would be picketing just for the fun of it. Even if one doesn't know too much about the situation, one would hopefully be able to learn on the trip, since there will be meetings, speeches, and a lot of reading material available.

There are many ways of helping to achieve total equality. You have suggested quite a few, but you don't seem to recognize that the march is a demonstration of strength. It goes beyond the individual problems---jobs, education, housing---and shows our nation and the world that integration must be achieved NOW.

Now that I can look at both sides fairly, I feel that you were partially right. It's true that your arguments show a practical approach to furthering the movement, rather than the emotional "show of strength" in this approach. But, maybe I should have been allowed to go and decide that for myself after the march. It's hard to have my ideas all worked out and then have them disproved just like that. I was left with a blank feeling... five minutes earlier I was set in my convictions and then I was agreeing with you without even a fight. I guess you were right to voice your opinions, but it did hurt.

Please remember that it's very hard to grow up.

Love,

From a daughter who's just  
beginning to grow up.





Dear Father,

When I heard the good news that a test-ban treaty had been agreed upon, I thought for quite a while about its significance...thought so long that I could not sleep. I remembered the times that I had spoken to others my age about the bomb--how it could destroy mankind and the world. I was convinced then that I was facing the problem realistically, that I foresaw and felt the tragedy of it all. But now, but now, I wonder.

I think of last year, when my friends and I received letters of acceptance from the high schools to which we had applied. Did we for one moment, one lone instant, consider that we might never enter these schools...might never reach college...pursue our life's work...marry...have children...reap all the benefits of a good long life?

The world is too old to die like this, we thought. We dismissed the subject as if it were safe to let our all-knowing leaders work things out for us.

I've suddenly come to realize that I have a right to live, to walk like a man. I can't just roll up in a ball and wait for the end. Only why, why have you laid upon me, your child, the weight of this unhappy-world?

Your son,

Alex

Dear Jerry,

Well, it's the end of the summer and I'll be going back to Buxton. I don't know what this year will be like, but I do know that the school will not be the same without you and I mean this from the bottom of my heart.

This summer has been a busy one---I've been painting and sculpting, writing, and working at the camp radio station. I've finally dropped my habit of saying "sick joke," and of stepping on my toe when I laugh, and of craning my neck when yelled at.

This is probably my last year at Buck's Rock as a camper (or I hope it is), for next year I will be old enough to be a Junior counselor. It kind of frightens me to know that I am getting old so soon and that I really don't have any more time to hack around or to be a lazy slob. When I go back to school, I will be expected to work harder and not to be so careless about my work. I wonder if I'll be able to do it this year. I hope so, but I'm not sure.

I don't want to bog you down with my problems. You probably have your own (I wish packing for Italy were my problem). Have a great time.

Your student,

Alan Barryph





Dear Mother,

Today I sat in the shade on the hill. At times I thought, but it got tiring. My head would fill with ideas; then, I just wanted to look at people. Camp seemed quiet. The heat wave had passed and a cool breeze tossed leaves around.

Outside the Boys' House there was a badminton game going on. Two boys were deeply involved in the game. The two figures shared an experience--they seemed as free as the birdie flying across the net, not knowing why.

A visiting father walked beside his daughter. He came from the city and was quite tired from a morning of traveling. A jacket hung over a shoulder of his unbuttoned shirt. His free arm lay across his daughter's shoulders. Her hair was braided like a child's yet the man knew that this person had the mind and body of an older person. They slowly vanished down the road. I thought of my own father and the strong tie of love that unites us.

Mother, life is pretty good. I'm glad I have learned to enjoy it. So many people up here feel differently. To them fifteen years is a long time, maybe too long. They are tired and want to rest. I hope to keep moving.

Love  
Bobbie

P.S. Maybe the next letter will be a newsy one.



just a second. Then Manings recovered, ran intellectual rings around the girl, and it was gone. But for that second it had been there. The blind search for expression and truth had come to the surface for a frightening moment and then receded into the subconscious.

Perhaps now it is easier to understand why so many people feel guilty and depressed here. For it is never easy to question. We question others, but more often we question ourselves. There are many who are dishonest, yet all are looking for honesty. We are searching for what we really are, and for what we shall someday become. It is difficult to face our limitations at home, but it is even more difficult to face our unlimited potential at camp.

But in re-reading my letter, I see that I have failed again. I suppose I shall always have to search, for I shall never understand.

Love,

*Mike*

Dear Debbie,

I'm finding dance this summer more difficult than I had expected. Last winter, when I decided to give up ballet as a career, I promised myself that I would study other forms of dance. However, the disciplines of ballet and modern dance are so different and ballet movement has become so much a part of me, that in a period of eight weeks it is impossible to completely displace it.

In class I find that the simplest exercises turn out all wrong. There are so many new techniques to concentrate on and to remember: to keep your hips in the same place when you contract, to keep your feet flexed. Muriel talks about putting life into the movements, more color, more interpretation--all this just for the warm-ups. How can I do this when I'm having so much trouble with the exercises themselves?

Do you remember that I used to feel so guilty whenever I missed a class last winter? In fact, the pressure from ballet class was so great that I wasn't enjoying classes as much as I once did. When I got to camp, I was afraid to miss a single class. In camp and at home I lived dance and confined myself to that very small world.

I'm slowly losing interest in modern dance because of my lack of technique and I'm beginning to see all the other activities that Buck's Rock has to offer: I've made two pieces in the silver shop, I'm in the madrigal group and chorus, and I've been trying out most of the shops. I still take lessons and I have choreographed, but I'm enjoying the summer much more, now that I'm living in a bigger world.

I'll see you at Festival.

Much love,

Rebecca





To: His Imperial Majesty, Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria,  
King of Hungary and Bohemia, Grand Duke of Lombardy.

From: His Majesty's Fan Club President, John Yohalem

Your Highness:

In regard to the Fan Club, we are not in a very good position. Most of the people here don't take the Fan Club seriously, and those who do are horrified by your claim to the United States. Couldn't you work for re-instatement in Austria-Hungary for a starter, and try for the rest later? Remember what happened to your brother in Mexico.

Another reason people don't join is that Buck's Rock is a creative camp, and it is awfully hard to create European History.

As to your suggestion that we give titles to members, I don't believe it will work. The average American adolescent isn't interested. But I am not average. How about it?

Forgetting the Fan Club for a moment, I think you have the wrong idea of Buck's Rock. You know those poems I've been sending you that you don't like because they don't rhyme or tell much of a story? Those are mine! This camp advocates that kind of poetry. You must realize that it's 1963, not 1852!

This modern music and art, I agree, is terrible. No one will ever replace Strauss or Courbet. You must have better than rock 'n roll or neo-impressionism, wherever you are.

By the way, where are you? Best wishes to Sisi and the children.

Your supporter and loyal servant,

John Yohalem

Post Scriptus: If you have any suggestions, send them to me, J.H.Y..



Dear Mr. Wilder,

I would like to share an experience with you. It began two weeks ago, when I was chosen for the role of Ma Kirby in our camp production of "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." It was the first major role I had received and I was very excited.

When I first read through the play, my impression of Ma Kirby was quite different from the feelings I now have. She seemed to be a small town type---simple, unsophisticated, and rigid. Because of my superficial understanding, I was a little ashamed of the character I had been chosen to portray. However, through each rehearsal, I learned more about her character and I grew to love and respect her. I realized that Ma Kirby had a warm, strong, courageous personality. Her devotion to each member of her family made her a beautiful person. I tried very hard to capture these qualities and to present her spirit as you had intended it.

I suppose I was fairly successful. Last night we presented the play and everyone loved it. They congratulated me on giving a "wonderful" performance. This did not compensate for the emptiness I felt then and now. I had grown to be part of that woman and when the play was over, I felt as though part of me had been taken away. I shall never forget Ma Kirby and the happy journey she took. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to meet her, know her, and be her.

Sincerely,

*Julia Diamant*





Dear Winnie-the-Pooh,

After careful consideration and discussion with Ernst and the staff, we have decided to make our C.I.T. group complete by asking you to come to Buck's Rock in the summer of 1964. We are writing you early so that you won't make any conflicting engagements with Owl, Eeyore, Tigger, Rabbit, or any of his friends or relations.

Because of your experience and age we are inviting you to come as our C.I.T.. We thought you would enjoy the Print Shop where, three times a week, you will give poetry seminars discussing some of your works.

We think it only fair to acquaint you with some of the rules you would have to live by during the summer:

1) Since the kitchen runs on a very tight schedule, Mrs. Tavalin won't permit supposedly mature people running in to snatch food at all hours of the day. You are accustomed to having "an eleven o'clock little something" (usually HUNNY); we are sorry to say we cannot accommodate you.

2) This summer, Ernst stated his disapproval of the fashionable saying, "I'm less talented than everybody else." Therefore, for the summer, you will have to forego your usual announcement that you are a bear of very little brain.

3) Ernst tries to give all campers as much freedom as possible, so you are allowed to go to New Milford or Conn's at most any time of the day. However, after talking the matter over with Ernst, we have decided that you will also have to forego your expotitions to the North Pole on account of their time consuming and dangerous nature.

We are very sorry that we are not able to accommodate all your friends from the 100 aker wood, but we feel confident of your ability to make new ones.

Kindly inform us of your decision. If you decide to come, have Christopher Robin send 12 bottles of HUNNY as a deposit.

Sincerely,

ALEX  
JA

P.S. My best regards to Piglet.

Dear Proust,

I feel that I have accumulated enough experiences here to last me a 'good many years of mental and verbal digestion... Being ever so slightly sick at Buck's Rock is a weird, half-real phenomenon which involves being admitted to the white clapboard "infirmary," nearly a mile from the center of camp. There were four or five miniscule rooms opening on a short, narrow hallway: I had the sensation of being in a stationary ocean liner, or even- on a day when the clouds are heavy- in a motionless submarine. The aqua-purposeless walls are overclean and overquiet- they are so solidly green-blue as to offer no cracks or patches to relieve the eye.

During the time I was allowed to spend on the porch, I would look forward to meals; during the mandatory two-hour "rest period," I would anxiously await "porch-sitting" time. During the antiseptic, lukewarm night, I would sleep soundly for almost one hour, and then be awake, mulling over in my mind the constantly multiplying number of things I had to do. I could not bring myself to work on things of the present: writing would become a torturous exercise, reading was merely a sedative, as I could not concentrate on more than three pages without daydreaming.

I felt incapable of thanking my visitors, who were in an awkward position because of a long-standing (though



unenforceable) rule banning visits to patients.

Private conversation was rendered impossible by the presence of the two nurses, floating in the background like a Greek chorus. I kept imagining that the nurses were hoarding a fresh supply of frustrations and anger, and that they would explode at me the moment that the illegal visitors left. What with all the presents--- candy, teddy bears, and laurel wreaths--- I was at the point of jumping out of my skin with boredom. The doctor--- an alien on a visit to our small, sterile planet--- was too nonchalant about saying that I might leave the infirmary. It was as if he were feeling guilty about carrying out so uncomplicated an action: I also had a vague fear of snubbing the nurses by rushing out.

It will take a while to penetrate, but I have really been confined, and I am really "free" now. I will need quite a bit of taking in the sky and the mushrooms and the woods and the world to erase the dregs of the "time I used to go to bed early..."

Best of summers,

Barry

Dear Sammy,

Hi. I think your poetry is great. Me and Prune think that that bit, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", is just the mostest. When are you going to write something else like that? Was the lady angel of death any relation? If she is, I'm glad I'm not in your family. She reminds me so much of my Aunt Zelda, and that's pretty bad.

Our poetry is almost as good as yours. At least we think so (me and Prune). We write mostly about great crates. Now Prune would like to tell you some of our poetry.

It is a cheerful camper  
That stop'st at Social Hall  
And signs up on the pink chart:  
He wants to have a ball.

The Wood Shop's doors are open wide,  
Jo Jochnowitz within.  
Confestants met, the crates are set  
Hear the hammering begin.

Jo grabs him with a skinny hand  
"There was a crate," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me mustached goon,"  
And then his hand dropped he.

Jo holds him with a piercing eye,  
The camper stands stark still;  
He listens like a little child,  
Jo hath won his will.

The camper sits down on a stool  
He has no choice but listen.  
Thus on spoke that ancient man,  
Oh, how Jo's eyes do glisten.

"The crate was cheered, the race track cleared,  
Merrily did we start.  
Around the bend, below the hill  
As swiftly as a dart.

"The turn it would wind to the left  
And through the turn he drove.  
He traveled bright and stayed at right  
And thought of the praise he'd love.

"Faster, faster each minute,  
One eighth the trip done,  
The praise we sought, oh, captain dear  
Will not be quickly won."

The camper's straining at his leash  
But Jo still holds him fast.



"At length there sat a small black cat  
On where the hood was set,  
As if it were a Jewish soul  
We called, 'Monette, Monette.'

"It ate the food if ne'er had ate  
As round and round we flew.  
The storm did split with a thunder fit  
Our driver steered us through.

"And good, clear skies sprung up above  
And the cat did creep,  
Every day for food or play  
Came to the Great Crate heap."

God save thee, Joseph Jochnowitz,  
From the fiends that make thee so set.  
"I took a life with my jackknife,  
I killed the poor Monette."

A clear, blue sky still stayed above  
But no sweet cat did follow  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to Jo's hello.

"I had done a hellish thing  
And it would cause them woe,  
My soul was smitten, I killed the kitten  
That made the skies stay clear."

So now you see what comes from poets who don't complete their work. Joseph would still have a kitten hanging on his neck if it hadn't been for you who completed the poem by allowing Jo to rid himself of the kitten and begin a new life as a counselor. It seems that he didn't learn his lesson.

Yours,

ME + PRUNE

To All Children:

If you have ever read The Little Prince, I'm sure you will remember the time the prince demands that the aviator draw him a sheep. After many attempts, the aviator produces a box in which the sheep lives, and the prince is overjoyed. Well, my story concerns the box.

All children have their boxes in which their hopes, aspirations, and most important fantasies dwell. These dwellers seem vague to children; growing up seems far off, so they resort to "building castles in the sky." Lonely as a child may be, he can always rely on his castles for friends and so his hopes become firmer and he in turn becomes surer of himself.

When your castles start to crumble, you will be tempted to tear open your box to see what's really in it... but stop! With total reality you forfeit your hopes and dreams, and without these life is not worth living.

Unfortunately, your box may be open. Then you are old.

With love,

JALY

P.S. Alex Jax is only my box.





# Thanks to

NURSES	•	Anna Surasky Ann Fanning Susan Zik
DOCTOR	•	Dr. Noah Barysh
CHEF	•	Bill Brady
SECOND COOK	•	John Padron
BAKER	•	Cris Beyer
KITCHEN STAFF	•	Richard Paplham Powell Woodson James Hardy Gerald Howard Callixtus E. Ita Joseph N. Okeke Olusegun Olusanya Appollo A. Wakiaga
DINING ROOM STAFF	•	Anne Tavalin Sara Gothelf Russell Forest
OFFICE	•	Doris Adler Sophia Bonfield Adele Ganis
SHOPPER	•	Robbie Temes
ELECTRICAL	•	Alan Hack
MAINTENANCE	•	Oscar Nelson Gordon Freund Edward Meniffee
CLEANING WOMEN	•	Dorothy Cullen Annetta McAlly Ada Delancy Victoria Talbot Jessie Goldspink

*We remember*

## Our shifty girls

O Jochowitz, my Jochowitz

In toto?

Intutu?

## Who?

Mama

O Jo-w-a-a-annnnnnnnnnnn

## Poly-parted and happy-hearted Twirping Twitch

## CIT-JC game

Beryl

## Gauloises Cigarettes

Cheryl

You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours, Jack

&

Schmeryl

gentian violet

hammed-up turkey dinner

## The Singing Cabinet

## Herz in Pink Tights

Pluck your magic twanger, Fruchter

Silly girls in Silly bunks listening to Silly music setting their  
Silly hair with their Silly lights on

P E T E R     P A N

Which hand has the NMB?

lace panties in the incinerator

## Going to the Zoo

The Bookmark Production Unit

tearing off butterfly wings

Gee, I wish Superman were here!

## Militancy: Is integration the answer?

precipitation



# P.S.

From the first all-camp meeting (held at night because of the Sahara-like weather) to the last decorations for Festival, this has been a summer of seeing, of listening, of tasting, of getting out and doing.

Bill Korff once again directed the Buck's Rock Summer Playhouse. Under the spotlights, we enjoyed J.B., Archibald MacLeish's probe into the nature of the God-man relationship; Childhood, The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden, and Pullman Car Hiawatha, three one-act plays by Thornton Wilder; Max Frisch's The Firebugs, an allegory concerning man's inability to see the evil about him; and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, a farce by Moliere. Under the oak tree, Steve Kleid conducted regular sessions of the Actors Workshop, Alan Manings discussed television programming, Jim Slater lectured on the personality and poetry of Walt Whitman, and Chuck Stein read and discussed his own poetry.

Movies included O'Neill's Mourning Becomes Electra; Anatomy of a Murder, with James Stewart; The Mouse That Roared and I'm All Right, Jack, both comedies starring Peter Sellers; Petrified Forest starring Humphrey Bogart; and Rebecca, with Joan Fontaine.

Some of the topics under discussion in our weekly forums, led by Hal Ewen and Lou Simon, were "Integration: Is Militancy the Answer?" "Nazis, Jews, and the Eichmann Trial," "Should the Teachers Strike?" and "Are Parents Necessary?" Professor Scott Wright talked rather informally on "Art and the Adolescent," followed a few days later by Jack Sonnenberg's general discussion entitled, "Are Adolescents Necessary? Are Art Teachers Necessary? Is Art Necessary?" Among our other guests were solo clarinetist Milton Moskowitz, artist Elias Friedensohn, modern dancer Sophie Maslow, and musicians Mike and Kay Jaffee.

Muriel Manings' dancers presented a technique demonstration and Dance Night. Under the supervision of David Katz and Vic Rosov, various chamber groups and soloists gave two concerts in our Dance Studio and the Madrigal Group sang in houses of worship in New Milford. The WLAD broadcast (and the next evening's concert on the New Milford Green) featured works by Bach, Frescobaldi, Beethoven, Grieg, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, and others. Buck's Rock was once again visited by Reverend Gary Davis and Elizabethan balladeer John Winn, as well as by

Mourning becomes Buck's Rock

HORMOTONE, HORMOTONE

soft-shelled crabs

why duH?

Has anybody seen Harry Greenberger's mind?

Jack Sonenberg with his international reputation on the continent

There's a high tree

HI, TREE

do not open until Christmas

F  
F  
U The magic bun-warmer  
P

Having a cupcake, having a peach,  
and of course, only taking one of each.

bob dylan

LIONEL

What'd I Say

Dan Opatoshu and his lemon meringue...

the annex r

Willa Woo and her Magic Mushrooms

o  
o  
o  
shoes not to be worn in front of the nurse  
o  
f

(Boo)

haircuts

the ambulance

pre-dawn gambling

the great crate race

Paul Hirsch eloping with Oscar's niece

Hark, hark,  
I'm harking

B  
O  
S  
C  
O  
ACE BANDAGES

the Phantom Poet

B  
A  
T  
I  
K  
get plastered

The House at Pooh C  
o  
r  
n  
e  
r

And That, My Dear Friends, Is That

Winnie Winston and the up-and-coming Tom Parton.

Our scheduled Tanglewood visit was cancelled as a result of a downpour reminiscent of the Great Flood. On August 3rd, we did, however, witness an unusual performance of King Lear, starring Morris Carnovsky, at Stratford. The trip had been preceded by a series of seminars on the porch, presided over by Lou Simon.

Japanese woodcut classes were held at the Art Shop, as were the usual sketch classes and watercolor classes. In the vicinity of the Print Shop, an innovation took place---calligraphy classes. The Wood Shop continued sculpture sessions and began a regularly held Architectural Design Class. More than 300 items were turned out by campers working in the Silver Shop. The popular philosopher-adventurer, Ed Douglas, became mentor of Model Airplane Building and Flying.

The Capable Construction Crew was kept hopping this season, what with a new cabin for the Sackses, the Library-Weaving-Silkscreen Shop, and an expansion of the old Photo Lab. The farms had their usual weeks of toil---a calf was born in July, hot corn and french fries were prepared, peas were shelled, potatoes were dug.

Campers queueing up for delicacies from our new outdoor barbecue on Saturday evenings could enjoy all the sights and smells of Oscar's Garden, complete with sunflowers, pansies, and fishpond.

A popular weekly activity were the square and folk dances led by Barry Kornfeld on the tennis courts. The camp's sports facilities were greatly improved by the black-topping of the new tennis court and the installation of basketball backboards. Indeed, 1963 was a notable year for athletics. For the first time in memory, Buck's Rock brought home a trophy in tennis and scored victories in riflery. Under the able leadership of Bernie Unger, the Watermelon League continued to flourish, providing highly exciting, if not always professional softball.

For those interested in more intellectual activities, the Science Lab once again provided a diverse and stimulating program. In addition to studies in mammalian biology and individual projects, Sandy Jason's lab made impressive displays on poison ivy and mushrooms found around camp. The camp radio station, under Hal Ewen, had a particularly successful year. There were numerous panel discussions on contemporary issues and a wide variety of music.

This is, most certainly, an incomplete journal. There will be many other experiences of a personal kind to "vibrate in the memory," but I will leave these to the individual reader... So much has occurred within this little community that it would be futile to attempt to record all.

Enjoy--

Barry Fruchter



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE  
NEW MILFORD CONN





*Goodbye, the Editors*

# Directory



# Boys

Steven Aaron	154 Beach 142 St. Neponsit 94, NY	NE4 3876	
Noel Adler	34 Jasmine Lane Valley Stream, NY	PY1 7846	3/14
Tom Avery	244 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers, NY	SP9 3890	7/19

Walter Baigelman	64-11 99 St. Rego Park 74, NY	TW6 9776	7/14
John Barman	7 W. 96 St. New York, 25, NY	RI9 3634	11/7
David Bearg	145-35 13 Ave. Whitestone 57, NY	LE9 0591	7/3
Andrew Bernstein	25 Colonial Rd. Bronxville, NY	DT7 6172	
Stephen Bloom	195 Claremont Ave. New York, 27, NY	MO3 0637	
Joshua Bloomgarden	114 Sutton Manor New Rochelle NY	BE5 0044	7/29
Zachary Bloomgarden	114 Sutton Manor, N. Rochelle, NY	B 0044	3/30
Robert Blumenson	350 1st Ave. New York 10, NY	AL 46064	12/1
Richard Blyn	130-16 229 St. Laurelton, NY	FI1 1354	
Paul Bookbinder	84-20 Midland Pkwy., Jamaica NY	RE9 1147	
Fredric Brandfon	84-03 168 Place, Jamaica NY	RE9 0036	12/3
John Bressler	200 Parker Rd., Elizabeth NJ	EL5 3513	
Robert Buchalter	113 Bengyfield Dr., E. Williston LI	FI2 4381	
Clifford Burke	12880 Pine Rd. W. Miami, Fla.	758 2202	7/7
Michael Burnham, Jr.	Cartbridge Rd, Weston, Conn.	227 2874	8/22

Jeffrey Cahn	124 W. 79 St. NY24 NY,	EN2 7663	2/19
Mark Chenven	1290 Ocean Ave. Bklyn 30 NY	GE4 5434	7/12
Warren Churg	711 Ogden Ave. Teaneck NJ	TE6 0025	6/27

Bruce Dancis	2140 E. Tremont Ave. Bx 62 NY	TA2 0286	5/14
Andrew Dennis	51 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers NY	SI9 7560	4/7
Rolf Diamant	145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown NY	ME1 2585	
Myron Drazen	180 W. 58 St. NY19 NY	CI7 7538	7/23
Mark Dresner	104-59 107 St. Ozone Pk. NY	VI3 5230	6/8

David Ewen	326 Broadway, Massapequa Pk. NY	LI1 2507	
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David Filman	538 Beach 132 St. Rockaway Pk. NY		10/22
David Fine	1284 Fayette St. W. Englewood NJ	TE6 1896	6/10
Douglas Forrest	141 E. 89 St. NY28 NY	TE1 7501	4/19
Kenneth Friedman	33-05 90 St. Jackson Hts. NY	OL1 2735	
Lewis Frisch	196 Beach 142 St. Neponsit LI	NE4 7171	

David Gasman	70 Murray Ave. Port Washington NY	PO7 1929	10/25
Williar Geiger	32 Tamarack Way Pleasantville NY	914 Ro9	2691
Gilbert Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle NY	NE2 5676	5/15
Paul Gellers	65-09 99 St. For. Hills 74 NY	TW7 8151	5/20
Douglas Gladstone	5 Brookview Terrace Hillsdale NJ	NO4 4335	
Joseph Gladstone	131-32 Francis Lewis Blvd. Laurelton NY	LR8 7132	
Michael Glasser	5 Cherry La. Great Neck NY	HU2 5918	
Barry Goldstein	272 Webster Ave. Bklyn. 30 NY	GE5 0657	
Kenneth Goldstrom	138 Berrian Rd. New Rochelle NY	NE2 4956	
Andy Gollup	1310 Fayette St. Teaneck NJ	TE6 3660	3/24
Andy Gowa	1673 E. 28 st. Bklyn. NY	CL2 4108	5/19
Benjamin Grabe	Channel Rd. S. Norwalk Conn.	TE8 3383	

Mitchell Halper	53 Coleridge St. Bklyn 35 NY	NI8 8179	
Mark Hammerschlag	120 Cabrini Blvd. NY, NY	SW5 0391	5/11
Martin Holsinger	11 Caten Dr. Dayton 9, Ohio	AX9 7003	8/17
William Horwitz	750 Kameock St. NY 63 NY	KIS 4221	3/11
Michael Hurewitz	0-95 Midland Ave. Fair Lawn NJ	SW6 3395	7/7
Steven Hurewitz	0-95 Midland Ave. Fair Lawn NJ	SW6 3395	7/7

David Jacobson	22 Fenimore Rd. Scarsdale NY	SC5 1814	
Carl Jacobson	22 Fenimore Rd. Scarsdale NY	SC5 1814	
Harry Joelson	159 Derrom Ave Paterson 4, NJ	LA5 1132	4/21
	Blair Academy Blairstown NJ		
Steven Jonas	310 East Rd. Woodmere LI	FR4 1098	
Peter Joseph	261 Prince Ave. Freeport LI	FR8 6010	

Michael Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave. NY 28 NY	SA2 2129	
Mark Kleinman	6784 Groton St. For. Hills 75 NY	B08 4251	11/12
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Pl. Bklyn NY	TW1 0940	9/6

John Laub	911 Frog Hollow Terrace Jenkintown Pa.	TU4 3509	
Jonathan Lawrence	502 N. Brookside Ave. Freeport NY	FR8 3535	12/31
Larry Lifschultz	220 Horrocks Rd. Larchmont NY	TE4 3142	8/10
Jerry Lichtman	215 W. 90 St. NY 24 NY	TR7 8750	8/15

Robert Mackler	220-15 77 Ave. Bayside 64 NY	HO4 9662	
Larry Martin	189-54 43 Rd. Flushing 68, NY	FL8 5435	2/26
Jonathan Miller	110 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn NY	UL4 5860	
James Moloshok	8 East 93 St. NY 28 NY	BN9 0985	10/27
Edward Moss	108-23 58 Dr. For. Hills NY	LI4 0205	
Steven Moss	250 Beach 133 St. Belle Harbor 94 NY	NE1 2619	

Daniel Nachtigal	147-15 70 Ave. Flushing 67, NY	B08 1568	4/11
Sandy Naishtat	40-10 44 St. LI City 4, NY	ST6 4225	1/28
Henry Nass	Stratford Rd. Harrison, NY	WO7 1354	5/21
Kenneth Newman	28 Stewart Ave. Nutley 1, NJ	NO7 2756	
Scott Newrock	8 Charles Lane Port Chester, NY	WE7 5583	
Richard Nowogrodzki	895 W. End Ave. New York 25, NY	MO2 2576	

Zev Ornitz	270 Riverside Dr. New York 25, NY	UN5 6983	
Peter Orville	29 Shadow Lane Gt. Nk., NY	HU7 7280	1/26

Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Dr. Yonkers 2, NY	SP9 4487	
Tony Perutz	Oneida Circle Harrison, NY	TE5 1065	5/6
Andy Polon	305 W. 86 St. New York 24, NY	SU7 6888	2/8
Andrew Popper	199-18 58 Ave. Flushing 65, NY	BA9 8117	
Paul Poresky	2615 Wash. St. Allentown, Pa.	432 8493	10/2

Danny Quat	16 Elliot Rd. Gt. Nk., NY	HU2 4158	5/19
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Kenneth Ribet	207 Beach 141 St. Belle Harbor, NY	GR4 3291	6/26
Michael Robbins	285 Central Pk. W. New York 24, NY	SC4 8035	6/15
Tom Rosenbaum	22 Woodbine Ave. Larchmont, NY	TE4 0345	11/26
Stephen Rosenbush	3720 Bedford Ave. Bklyn NY	DE8 4237	5/10
Robert Rothberg	69-26 171 St. Flushing 65, NY	OL7 1638	6/2
Steven Rosenthal	8 Pebble Lane, Roslyn Heights NY	MA1 3534	3/17
Adam Rowen	190 Surrey Rd. Hillside NJ	EL3 7879	8/29
William Rubenstein	111-15 77 Rd. For. Hills 75, NY	BC1 3888	10/7
Edward Rubin	1680 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. NY	CL2 2727	

Eric Sabinson	67-82 Selfridge St. For. Hills NY	LI4 6378	9/15
Jonathan Scheinbart	40 E. 88 St. NY 28 NY	TR6 4657	
Mark Schenker	691 Lenox Rd. Bklyn. NY	PR4 8024	4/28
Brian Scherzer	16 Renfrew Ave. Westmount 6, Quebec	Canada HU9 8491	
Steven Schindler	36 Sunset Rd. Gt. Neck NY	HU7 0316	
Mark Schlitten	159 Beach 138 St. Rockaway Pk. NY	NE4 1744	2/18
Howard Schoenfeld	198 Myrtle Dr. Gt. Neck NY	HU7 3703	
Marc Schulkind	179-06 75 Ave. Flushing 66 NY	RE9 6834	2/2
Alexander Seldin	285 Central Pk. W. NY 24 NY	TR3 3431	12/7
Daniel Shaw	3021 Ave. I, Bklyn 10, NY	CL8 1097	
Dean Sheppard	40 Carriage La. Roslyn Hts, NY	MA1 6515	6/18
Louis Silverstein	4255 N. Meridian Ave., Miami Beach, Florida	JE8 8967	11/28



Gregory Singer	7034-Utopia Pkwy. Flushing 65 NY	JA3 2218	
Daniel Sokol	1522 E. 29 St., Bklyn. 29 NY	CL2 5524	
Mark Stewart	48 Club Dr., Roslyn Hts. NY	MA1 3990	4/14
Wayne Stix	112 Carthage Rd., Scarsdale NY	SC3 6566	4/6
Clifford Strachman	27 Southern Rd., Hartsdale NY	OW3 0130	2/17
Paul Susman	3 William St., Gt. Neck NY	HU2 2452	

Peter Tavalin	647 E. 14 St. NY 9 NY	OR7 3470	
Ross Turin	755 Ocean Ave., Bklyn. 26 NY	IN9 0200	11/23
Gary Tutin	577 Mayfair Dr. S., Bklyn. 34 NY	CL1 6074	5/21

Steven Weiss	385 Argyle Rd. Bklyn. 18 NY	IN9 1264	
Josh Wilner	135 Bengueyfield Dr. E. Williston NY	PI1 8928	7/22
Jeffrey Wohlman	360 W. 55th St. New York 19 NY	CI6 8632	
Peter Wulkan	215 W. 88th St. New York NY	TR4 0968	5/29

John Yohalem	192 Beechmont Dr. New Rochelle NY	NE2 0658	8/3
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Richard Zahler	80, Lotus Oval N. Valley Stream NY	PY1 5668	
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# Girls

Doris Aberback,	520 E. 20th St. NY 9, N.Y.	Ja 8-8878	1/5
Marjorie Adler,	459 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, N.Y.	Tu 7-3702	4/26
Ruth Amdur,	2115-34 Ave., Long Is. City, 6, NY.	Ya 2-1438	7/4
Lucy Aronson,	1349 Lexington Ave., NY28, NY.	En 9-6694	10/8
Diane Austin,	495 E. Shore Rd. Gt. Neck, NY.	Tu 2-4701	

Amy Berkman,	33 Bayview Ave. Gt. Neck, NY.	Hu 7-4441	3/28
Ellen Berman,	67-30 Dartmouth St. For. Hills, NY.	Bo 1-7720	7/30
Polly Bijur,	502 Orienta Ave. Mamk., NY.	Ow 8-5028	3/1
Janet Blaustein,	7324 Ridge Blvd. Bklyn., NY.	Te 6-0529	6/1
Maralin Bloom,	115 Central Pk. W., NYC, NY.	En 2-0465	5/28
Kathy Bogin,	100 Pelham Rd. New Rochelle, NY.	We 6-5274	
Susan Breslau,	196-14 51 Ave. Flushing 65, NY.	Ba 1-4110	5/24
Jane Brooks,	67-26 Ingram St., For. Hills, NY.	Bo 3-0538	5/15
Mary Burnham,	Cartbridge Rd., Weston, Conn.	227-2874	7/24
Liz Burrows	2121 Westbury Ct., Brlwn. 25, NY.	Bu 2-7825	9/1

Alison Cohen	48-05 Douglaston Pkwy, Douglaston, NY.	Bo 5- 9176	3/15
Wendie Cohen	77 Merrivale Rd. Gt. Neck, NY.	Tu 2- 2943	2/4
Linda Colman	9 Hilary Cir. New Rochelle, NY.	Bo 6-3334	
Barbara Comenetz	6700 192 St. Fresh Meadows NY.	Ax 7-2113	

Ellen Davidson	Overbrook Hospital Cedar Grove, NJ.	Bo 9-1900	10/1
Naomi Dembe	187 W. 48th St. Bayonne, NJ.	Fe 9-3339	4/29
Julia Diamant	145 Altamont Ave. Tarrytown, NY.	Bo 1-2585	
Nancie Dinerman	102 Schoonmaker Rd. Teaneck, NJ.	Bo 7-6646	7/11
Rita Dresner	104-59 107 St. Ozone Park, NY.	Vi 3-8987	5/15

Ellen Ehrenfeld	409 Pinebrook Blvd. New Rochelle, NY.	Bo 3-7428	7/21
Laura Euben	141-42 70 Rd. Flushing, NY.	Bo 3-8480	
Jane Evans	370 First Ave. NY., 10, NY.	Gr 5-7262	
Susan Evans	370 First Ave. NY., 10, NY.	Gr 5-7262	7/7

Anne Farber	775 E. 19th St. Bklyn, NY.	Ul 9-2169	11/4
Donna Feigin	120 E. 87th St. NY28, NY.	At 9-7387	6/7
Laurie Finestone	74 Beaumont St. Bklyn, NY.	De 2-3563	2/3
Alice Flax	322 W. Walnut St. Long Beach, NY.	Ge 2-0216	11/8
Lisa Forrell	175 Riverside Dr. NY21, NY.	Sc 1-6011	
Patricia Freeman	12 Hemlock Dr. Gt. Neck, NY.	Hu 7-4503	5/19
Shola Friedensohn	43-44 149 St. Flushing 55, NY.	Le 9-4549	11/26
Ada Frumerman	21-71 34th Ave. Long Is. City, NY.	Ye 2-3665	11/3

Stephanie Gelb	80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle, NY.	Be 5-4127	2/12
Karen Glasser	5 Cherry Lane Gt. Neck, NY.	Hu 2-5918	5/15
Ruth Goldbaum	98 Van Cortlandt Pk.S. Bronx 63, NY.	Ki 3-9018	
Mura Goldfarb	4216 80th St. Elmhurst 73, NY.	Il 8-4276	3/9
Carol Goldsmith	440 E. 23rd St. NY 10, NY.	Or 3-2157	3/28
Laura Goldstein	476 E. 18 St. Bklyn 26, NY.	Bu 2-0602	3/12
Rebecca Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, NY.	Bu 2-0125	3/11
Roseann Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26, NY.	Bu 2-0125	3/11
Helen Greer	45 Martense St. Bklyn 26, NY.	Bu 7-5291	7/3
Marcia Gurfield	3215 Netherland Ave. Brx. 63, NY.	Ki 3-0960	4/13

Amy Handler	430 E. 86th St. NY 28, NY.	Re 4-2472	9/12
Bobbie Handler	400 Kensington Rd. W. Englewood, NJ.	Te 7-6480	8/23
Laura Hirschlag	12-52 Tanis Pl. Fair Lawn, NJ.	Sw 6-0260	5/5
Pam Hort	355 College Rd. Brx. 71, NY.	Ki 6-9088	1/29
Mary Hutchinson	334 Sprain Rd. Scarsdale, NY.	Gr 8-1945	4/1

Donna Isaacson	67-36-B 186 Lane Flushing 65, NY.	Ax 7- 2955	3/2
Lynn Isaacson	67-36-B 186 Lane Flushing 65, NY.	Ax 7- 2955	11/8

Betty-Jane Jacobs	758 Berry Ct. W. Homestead, NY.	Pa 4-1704	10/14
Lauren Jacoby	383 Andrews Rd. E. Williston, NY.	Pi 2-3051	
Ronnie Janklow	162 Westwood Cir. Roslyn Hts. NY.	Ma 1-6528	6/14
Jane Joseph	261 Prince Ave. Freeport, NY.	Fr 8-6010	1/30

Amy Kahn	20 Vanderbilt Rd. Scarsdale, NY.	Sc 5-1141	1/21
Barbara Kaiser	118 W. 79th St. NY, NY	Tr 4 7419	7/7
Riva Kaminsky	1872 Monroe Ave. Bronx, 57, NY.	Tr 2-6151	11/30



Sylvia Kay  
Starr Kazan  
Barbara Kempster  
Cookie Kirk  
Nana Koch

1 Sycamore La. Roslyn Hts. NY.  
Winding Rd. Farm Landsley, NY.  
1148 Fifth Ave. NY 28, NY.  
99-52 66th Rd. For. Hills, NY.  
102-35 64 Rd. For. Hills, NY.

Ma 1-2868 5/15  
Ow 3-5717 2/22  
Se 2-2129 6/22  
Tw 6-2732 12/1  
Tw 7-8253 5/9

Isabelle London  
Margaret Lazarus  
Betsy Lenke  
Wendy Le Shan  
Judy Lesser  
Laura Levine  
Linda Littman  
Nancy Louis

774 E. 19th St. Bklyn. 30,, NY.  
5832 193 St. Flushing, NY.  
41 Second Ave. Port Wash., NY.  
5153 Post Rd. Bronx 71, NY.  
45 E. 82nd St. NY 11, NY.  
88 Ridge Pk. Ave. Stamford, Conn.  
35-03 Bell Blvd. Bayside 61, NY.  
17 Hartcourt Rd. Scarsdale, NY.

Sc 4-0992  
Ba 9-5123  
Po 7-8169 7/1  
Ki 3-9826  
Un 1-2111 12/2  
Da 2-2051 12/10  
Ba 9-9193  
Sc 3-5086 6/7

Alison Mager  
Laura Margolin  
Hilary Michaelson  
Leslie Morse  
Jessica Myers

1013 E. Lawn Dr. Teaneck, NJ.  
285 Central Pk. W. NY 24, NY.  
100 Ocean Pkwy. Bklyn 18, NY.  
17 W. Cent Dr. Briarcliff, NY.  
10707 Weymouth St. Garrett Pk. Md.

Te 7-1111 5/3  
SU 7-5585 4/15  
Ge 2-1231  
1-7188 3/27  
Wh 2-5861 7/13

Lori Obler  
Ellen Ogintz  
Susan Ogur  
Claire Oppenheimer

21 Argyle Rd. Scarsdale, NY.  
588 Haddon La. E Meadow, NY.  
90 Meadow Woods Rd. Ct. Neck, NY.  
1926 E. 23rd St. Bklyn 29, NY.

Sc 3-1000 7/12  
Iv 3-1211 5/2  
Hu 2-6626  
Ni 3-0693 11/20

Arlene Paley  
Wendy Parinet  
Abby Peyton

15 Woodland Pl. Ct. Neck, NY.  
98 Joseph St. New Hyde Pk. NY.  
714 Carroll Pl. Teaneck, NJ

Hu 7-7710 1/21  
Fl 2-9185 1/29  
Te 6-2321 4/2

Judy Rafel  
Margie Reasenberg  
Susan Riedel  
Elissa Robbins  
Toby Rosenberg  
Jane Rosengarten  
Rena Rosenwasser

491 Riverdale Ave. Yonkers, NY.  
277 Rugby Rd. Brooklyn 26, NY.  
124 Grayson Pl. Teaneck, NJ.  
273 Morrison St. Teaneck, NJ.  
224-12 139th Ave. Laurelton, NY.  
22 Shadetree La. Roslyn Hts. NY.  
141-45 70th Rd. Flushing 67, NY.

Yo 2-6532 3/24  
In 9-7819  
Te 7-3120 12/20  
Te 6-4613  
La 5-6497 10/31  
Ma 1-4753 1/19  
Li 4-6354 4/13

Sally Ross  
Kathy Rowen  
Deborah Ruskey

15 W. 75th St. NY 23 NY  
671 Scranton Ave. Lynbrook NY  
115 Oak St. Woodmore NY

Su 7- 9280  
Ly 9-1352 3/3  
Ce 9-5628 1/19

Kathy Sabel  
Diane Salzman  
Jennie Schneider  
Beryl Schulman  
Susan Schwartz  
Laura Selub  
Dede Shanok  
Jane Shapiro  
Laura Shapiro  
Nina Silk  
Michele Silverstein  
Tobie Sperry  
Beth Spiro  
Nancy Stevens  
Sally Stein  
Lynda Steinberg  
Andrea Strongwater  
Wendy Suss

612 Wayfield Rd. Wynnewood, Pa.  
179-05 Kildare Rd. Jamaica, NY  
1376 E. 24th St. BKLYN 10 NY  
23 Somerset Dr. N. Gt. Neck NY  
19 Huron Rd. Yonkers, NY  
226-23 76 Rd. Bayside 64 NY  
159 Whitman Dr. BKLYN 34 NY  
56 Willey Ave. Liberty NY  
56 Willey Ave. Liberty NY  
1264 Rhineland Ave. BRX NY  
4255 N. Meridian Ave. Miami B. Fla  
5 Governors Ct. Gt. Neck NY  
16 Starr Ave. Monticello NY  
83 Sheperd La. Roslyn Hts. NY  
147 Brite Ave. Scarsdale NY  
184-18 64 Ave. Fresh Mea. NY  
100 Pelham Rd. New Rochelle NY  
76 Meadow Woods Gt. Neck NY

Li 2-4814  
Cl 8-1737  
Cl 3-7499  
Hu 7-7808 2/13  
Sp 9-6645 3/14  
Sp 6-7056 3/29  
Kn 3-3540 9/7  
Li 1838 8/30  
Li 1838 8/18  
Tr 8-6007 10/29  
Jo 8-8967 2/24  
Hu 7-7743 7/1  
Jo 1412  
Pa 1-4493 3/31  
Sc 3-8060 7/20  
In 3-2220 8/6  
El 6-8486 4/4  
Hu 2-5948 3/28

Holly Tannen  
Jane Tavalin  
Beryl Title

2545 Hillegrass Ave. Berkeley Cal  
647 E. 14th St. NY 9 NY  
23-45 Bell Blvd. Bayside 60 NY

4/10  
Ba 4-7099 7/10

Virginia Vogel  
Toby Volkman

18 Wynmor Rd. Scarsdale NY  
71-35 Juno St. For. Hills 75 NY

Sc 3-8060 9/27  
Sc 3-4319 10/10

Emily Warwick  
Denise Weber  
Kenda Weisberg  
Judy Weiss  
Becky White

817 Pleasant Hill Rd. Chester Pa.  
1234 Midland Ave. Bronxville NY  
23 Erick Ave. Hewlett NY  
34 Aberfoyle Rd. New Rochelle NY  
1165 Park Ave. NY 28 NY

Tr 2-5012 4/4  
Sp 9- 6551 3/10  
Fr 4-2979 5/15  
No 3-7632 11/19  
At 9-6976

Andrea Zakin  
Devorah Zeitlin  
Suzanne Zuckerman

300 Central Park W. NY 24 NY  
873 E. 18th St. BKLYN 26 NY  
39 S. Dr. Gt. Neck NY

Su 7-1888  
Ba 4-2783 4/26  
Hu 7-3129 4/23

# C.I.T.'s

Martin Alterman Paul Aronow	212-15 34 Ave. Long Is. C. NY 216 Longvue Terr. Ynkrs. NY	As 4-7278 Sp 9-5714
Alan Barysh	RFD 3 Chestnutland Rd. New Mil. Conn.	E1 4-5420
Karen Bassuk	Buxton School, Williamstown, Mass.	
Abby Blatt	1044 E. 28 St. Bklyn. 10 NY	C1 8-6143 8/7
Eric Blumenson	51 W. 86 St. NY 24 NY	Tr 4-1467
Peter Bocour	350 1st Ave. NY 10 NY	A1 7-6064
Ann Bramson	173 Rvrside. Dr. NY 24 NY	Tr 7-7850
Robert Bressler	87-16 168 Pl. Jamaica 32 NY	Re 9-1005
John Bulova	200 Parker Rd. Elizabeth, NJ	E1 5-3513
	50 Elm St. Glens Falls, NY	Rx 2-3023
Lydia Churgin	203 W. 94 St. NY 25 NY	Ac 2-1545
Charles Cummings	213 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 7-6095
Paul Drexler	1186 E. 10 St. Bklyn. 30 NY	C1 3-7929
Ellen Eisenstadt	1706 E. 33 St. Bklyn. 34 NY	De 6-4397 11/3
Martin Fortgang	41-08 42 St. LIC 4, NY	St 4-6696
Richard Fried	3972 47 St. LIC 4, NY	St 6-9332
Barry Fruchter	2401 Davidson Ave. Bx 68 NY	Lu 4-9588
Julie Geiger	32 Tamarack Way Plsntville. NY	Ro 9-2691 11/26
James Gerstenzang	45 Parker Ave. Maplewood NJ	So 2-4226
Alfred Gingold	110 E. End Ave. Ny 28 NY	Le 5-5148
Penny Gold	7 Arthur Cir. Chester, Pa.	Tr 2-7278
Barbara Gould	21 Marshall Ct. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 7-2857
Jody Greenberg	8216 Marion Rd. Elkins Pk., Pa.	Me 5-2129
Marc Heller	River Rd. Scarborough NY	Wi 1-5161
Seth Ingram	16 No. Bdway. White Plains NY	Wh 9-5742



Kathy Lesser	45 E. 82 St. NY 28 NY	Un 1-2111	
Linda Levy	196 Southern Blvd, Danbury, Conn.	748-6897	
Richard Mackler	220-15 77 Ave. Bayside 64 NY	Ho 4-7154	7/9
Richard Marshall	10 Cambridge Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 7-9242	
George Martin	189-54 43 Rd, Flushing 5 NY	F1 8-5465	
Jonathan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn. 35 NY	Ni 8-1962	
Selma Meyerowitz	129 Coleridge St. Bklyn. 35 NY	Ni 6-7516	
Eugene Miller	3970 Hillman Ave. Bx 63 NY	Ki 8-4611	
Esther Mitgang	21 Nirvana Ave. Gt. Neck NY	Hn 6-2396	
Robert Muhlfelder	2922 Parkside La. Harrisburg, Pa.	Ce 6-2523	
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Rd. Gt. Neck NY	Hu 2-0790	
Dan Opatoshu	190 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY	Sc 4-2930	
Donald Osman	1730 E. 7 St. Bklyn. 23 NY	De 9-6368	
Liz Pearson	235 W. 76 St. NY 23 NY	Tr 3-5755	
Daniel Prince	7702 Park Ave. N. Bergen NJ	Un 8-1213	
Margaret Rosenblum	110-35 Jewel Ave. For. Hills NY	Bo 1-7134	
Jain Rothchild	2 Patton Blvd. New Hyde Pk.	Ge 7-2365	
Paul Rothman	78-20 221 St. Bayside NY	Ho 8-0615	
Sylvia Schwartz	221-10 Manor Rd. Qns. Vill. NY	Ho 5-4658	
Michael Seidman	22 Glenfruin Ave. New Rochelle NY	Ne 3-7072	
Michael Seitchik	6609 Lawnton Ave. Phil. 26 Pa.	Wa 4-3692	
Jules Smith	80-76 Tryon Place Jamaica 32 NY	Ax 7-6823	
Robert Solomon	51 Edgemere Dr. Searingtown NY	Ma 1-8509	
Jocel Striker	664 Derby Ave. Woodmere NY	Fr 1-2275	
Richard Sulken	12 Briar Lane Great Neck NY	Hu 2-5695	
Martha Tiger	233 Exeter St. Bklyn. 35 NY	De 2-3276	
Naomi Walfish	157 Beaumont St. Bklyn. NY	Tw 1-0078	
Jessica Weinstein	15 N. King St. Malverne NY	Ly 3-8642	
Leta Weiss	540 E. 20 St. NY 9 NY	Sp 7-0583	
Eric Winston	48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY	Yo 3-7417	
Jonathan Winston	48 Sunlight Hill Ynkrs. NY	Yo 3-7417	
Fredd Winter	243 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 26 NY	In 2-2863	
Daniel Yavner	1595 Metropolitan Ave. Bx 62 NY	Ta 8-9162	

# J.C.'s

Daniel Allan	130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn 1 NY	UL2-5688	11/3
Todd Capp	3 Peter Cooper Rd. NY 10 NY University of Chicago	SP7-6106	1/9
Carl Ebert	43 5th Avenue New York 3 NY	AL5-0172	
Barnett Friedman	5601 Riverdale Ave. Bronx 71 NY Carnegie Inst. of Tech. Pittsb. Pa	KI9-9021	6/25
Frederic Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle NY	NE2-5676	7/18
Robert Gerstein	75-59 182nd St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-2428	5/3
Sarah Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	BU2-0125	5/16
Harry Greenberger	73-43 185th St. Flushing 66 NY	GL4-0359	11/18
Andrew Herz	325 Weaver St. Larchmont NY	TE4-3792	11/12
Thomas Hurwitz	43 West 93rd St. NY 25 NY		
Marilyn Kaggén	479 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN2-0587	9/21
Peter Kent	29-19 212th St. Bayside 60 NY	BA9-7158	10/18
Melissa Marein	355 E. Shore Rd. Great Neck NY	HU7-4498	10/11
Lois Morse	17 W. Central Dr. Briarcliff Man. NY	WI1-7188	12/15
Paul Reasenber	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn 26 NY	IN9-7839	4/19
Frederick Roberts	1657 E. 23rd St. Bklyn 29 NY	CL2-2172	4/30
Carolyn Rosenfield	40 Hickory Dr. Roslyn NY	MA1-1989	5/20
Lisa Serbin	37 Bank Street New York 14 NY	CH2-1832	9/18
Ira Siff	1731 East 26th St. Bklyn 29 NY		2/15
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills 75 NY	TW7-8218	12/12
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Susan Guggenheim	671 W. 193 St. NY 40 NY	Lo 9-4146	9/17
Alan Hack	85 Strong St. Bx 68 NY	Ki 6-3058	3/13
Peter Hall	470 W. End Ave. NY 24 NY	Tr 3-1906	11/13
Paul Hirsch	173 Rvrside Dr. NY 24 NY	Tr 3-3657	11/15
	Mo2B New Hall Colum. U. NY 27	Mo 6-9000	
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Jenny Snider	33-68 21st St. Long Is. C. 6 NY	Ra1-4215	7/15
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Susan Zik	1635 Union St. Bklyn NY	S16-5954	
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# Errata

Please note the following changes in the DIRECTORY:

## Boys

David Bearg's telephone number is LE 9-0594

## Girls

Maralin Bloom's telephone number is EN 2-0465

Tobie Sperry's address is 5A Governor's Ct., Gt. Neck NY

Sally Stein's telephone number is SC 3-0342

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Richard Mackler's telephone number is HO 4-9662

Louis Metzger was omitted:

449 Hoffman Ave., New Milford, New Jersey, 265-0710

Dan Opatoshu's telephone number is TR 2-0065

## JC'S

Thomas Hurwitz's telephone number is RI 9-4335

Ira Siff's telephone number is ES 6-4613

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# P.P.S.

Credit for the graphics in the book should be given to:  
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